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Watson's Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1867

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 806 BROADWAY.

THE COMING SEASON.

If we may credit all the rumors that float about town and creep into newspapers, the coming season will be one of extraordinary activity among the managers. We trust that the public will be equally active in their sympathy, and sustain the managers in their efforts for the common amusement.

The French Theatre in Fourteenth street inaugurates the Fall season of 1867 with attractions of high character. The first is the reappearance of the renowned artist, Madame Ristori, who left us but a brief season ago, taking with her the most substantial evidence of American appreciation of true art. She made a vast fortune in her first brief tour through this country, and made it without a murmur of envy, for all acknowledged that her fine talents fairly compelled fortune. She comes again, not to go through the same routine, admirable as all her personations were, and worthy of repetition, but to reveal to us new beauties, to present new points of high art for our admiration, and a new, great play to be represented in America for the first time. Of her success there cannot be a doubt. She left us without a blemish upon her fame, and she will go on with her triumphant career through the country, reaping fresh laurels, earning more praise, and deserving all of honor and praise that she will receive.

Mr. Bateman will supply the other attraction at the French Theatre—an attraction which will be legitimate to the locality. He has arranged to introduce to the public the operas of Offenbach, the most popular composer in Europe. To do this in an appropriate manner, he has engaged an entire French company, principals, chorus and orchestra. The leading artists are said to be of high excellence, with fresh voices and piquant in action, just such artists, indeed, as are necessary to interpret the peculiar music to be represented, and to add personal attraction to the charm of opera.

Offenbach is essentially the composer for the people. He is a most facile writer, and can turn out an opera per month. His music is light, brilliant and melodious, while the situations and ensemble pieces are worked up with much skill and great dramatic effect. His music takes hold of the people at once, and its popularity may be estimated from the fact that many of his operas have had a continued run of two and three hundred nights,

and some even more. Of the success of Mr. Bateman's undertaking we have not the shadow of a doubt. The public will always support a good thing, and opera is the very thing that they love best.

Mr. Harrison is, we hear, making great preparations for the coming season. He will soon resume his Sunday evening concerts, which for two seasons past have been so brilliantly successful. It is also said that he will give from thirty to forty Thursday evening concerts, in which all available attractions will be combined. Mr. Harrison has, we understand, entire control of the services of Madame Parepa, who will be the bright particular star at most of his undertakings.

Pike's new Opera House in 23d street is all but ready to commence operations. There are great things whispered about the future of this establishment, but nothing definite is known. We shall probably be able to give some positive information on the subject in our next.

The Academy of Music will open with Italian Opera at the usual time. Of the material which will compose the company we know nothing; but we presume that the Manager, Mr. Max Maretzek, has fully calculated the opposition which he will have to encounter this season, from the numberless amusements offered to the public, and has arranged to bring forward a strong counter attraction in the shape of fine leading artists. It is stated that he proposes to produce the two latest European novelties, the *Don Carlos* of Verdi, and the *Romeo of Gounod*. If these operas are well cast, we think that Mr. Maretzek need not fear any opposition that can be brought against him. We regret to hear that Miss Kellogg will not be a member of the company for the coming season.

The Philharmonic Society will give its concerts this year at the Academy of Music. This will be a most welcome change for the subscribers, who were disgusted with their dingy location last season.

The Richings English Opera Company will appear in New York during the Fall, and will produce, they say, Wallace's *Lurline*. We hope they will not produce *Lurline*, for they could not possibly do it well. It could only be produced in an appropriate manner, with its grand scenic effects, at Niblo's, or the Academy of Music. It requires also artists of first-class ability, and *Lurline*, besides being a splendid vocalist, should be the embodiment of youth, grace and beauty.

We hear of a dozen musical projects on hand, but as they are at present in a state of embryo, it is hardly worth while to bring them before the public.

Boston is to have another great Musical Festival this year, and it is to be, they say, on a scale of much greater magnitude than their first Festival given two years ago, and

which was by far the greatest musical occasion given in America during the past twenty-five years.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"What does Little Birdie Say?" A Cradle Song, words by Tennyson. Music by Miss Anna W. Poole. Cottier & Denton, Buffalo, N. Y.

Place aux dames! To ladies everything gives way, and in good sooth all things must give way to the consideration of this song, for we feel culpable in neglecting it so long, the more especially as it deserves most honorable mention. Every one knows Tennyson's words, and they are very beautiful, and they have been most charmingly treated by Miss Poole, who is a most accomplished amateur of the good city of Buffalo. Miss Poole has chosen the German form, rather than that of the English. In this she was right, for it certainly admits of more variety, which is not unfrequently needed, through positive change of sentiment in the words given out. Miss Poole has treated the subject like a musician. The symphony which is the key to the melody exhibits a well judged bit of imitation, followed by an appropriate chromatic cadence, succeeded by delayed chords which lead into the song. The melody, though simple and with pleasant turns to it, is somewhat deficient in *abandon*, as though its flow was a little hampered by the accompaniment, which is itself an independent subject and unembarrassed in its movement. Still there is a clear idea in it, and one quite out of the common way. The episode in G sharp minor is a dramatic little bit, and gives color to the *tranquillo* which follows in E major. The C sharp in the second bar bass of the *Agitato* was, we suppose, intended for B natural. The return to the original key, A flat, is bold and effective, and the closing phrase of the song carries out the poetic conception of the whole.

As the work of an amateur, it merits warm encomiums, and shames nine-tenths of our, so called, song writers. Miss Poole should give more of her compositions to the public. The song was written for and is dedicated to Mrs. Emmet Burr, of Buffalo, New York.

Waiting. Song for Soprano or Tenor. Words by E. H. Flagg. Music by H. Millard.

This is a very clever song, and, sung according to the marking of the author, cannot fail to be dramatically effective. In it Mr. Millard has attempted to combine the operatic recitative with the ordinary song, which is, in fact, neither more nor less than the scene without the allegro, or last movement. His attempt has proved a success, inasmuch as it shows that the simple, jingling lyric may be dignified by proper musical treatment. We do not allude to Mr. Flagg's